

# Duty honor country essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Duty, Honor, Country I was in the Cold War. I worked by and carried nuclear warheads. The warheads had a twenty- mile kill zone, after that was the burn zone. Then there was the sickness zone. I carried that. My regiment was highly trained in spotting Soviet spies.

We had trained on the newest gear they used and wore in certain areas. Every German and US soldier knew to kill any spies in the Baden Wurttemberg State of West Germany. I was on guard duty and I used that terrible power. I had to; my training scared the living piss out of me. I had to kill before I got killed.

I shot at the white hood just outside my perimeter. Blood splattered. I slowly approached the now red hood to see if it was dead; thank God, it was a large jackrabbit. I carried weapons that killed nations, people, and jackrabbits.

I am in awe of what I carried. The Major was tall, about 6'2". He has a muscular build for an old man. When I talked to the Major, he told me of his missions. There were too many recall. There were too many he did not want to recall.

The Major told me of his life long dream to fly. He always thought World War II would be, " the war that ends all wars. " The Major flew combat missions over Korea and Vietnam. Every mission he hoped would be his last.

I was in shock of the things he said. The old airman's only duty to his country was to drop bombs and leaflets on people, villages, and cities. The uneasiness of his recall is frightening. He shudders to this day when he hears

the word " war. " The Major to this day carries his combat missions. The Corporal is a shy and somewhat timid non-talkative man in his late 50's.

The meek old guy did not even want to talk to me about his service. He was terrified to bring it up; he said, " I don't want to remember any of that horrible place. " He looked me in the eye with water in his and said, " I'm just glad to be alive. I don't know what he saw or what he did.

I really don't want to know. I know the Corporal carries something that is big enough to bring a man to tears. That was over 30 years ago and he still carries his horror. The Spec 4 had many interests and jobs but no particular calling, until he had the call of duty for his country. He was taking writing classes at San Francisco State University when the World Trade Center was attacked.

He felt his patriotic duty and joined the army. The Spec 4 was in Iraq, but I wish he were here to tell me his story. The Spec 4 was driving a HumV when it hit a land mine. Angels carried him at that moment. The Duty of our country could be a simple civic duty; giving blood, working at the election polls, or just voting or joining a conservation corp.

To some that is not enough. The call of duty is the willingness to die with honor for our country. To the Corporal, his joining wasn't for duty, but to fulfill an obligation for the country. For the Spec 4, and myself it was fulfilling a patriotic duty and to walk in our father's footsteps.

We did our duty with honor for our country. No matter how trivial or how profound our mission was, we did and drove on.